No. 26 a

21. June. 1695

The Westminster Wonder;

Giving an Account of a *Robin-Red-Breast*, who, ever since the Queens Funeral continues on the Top Pinacle of the Queens *Mausoleum* or *Pyramid*, in the Abby of *Westminster*, where he is seen and heard to Sing, and will not depart the Place, to the Admiration of many Beholders. To the Tune of the *Jealous Lover*.

Licensed according to Order.

YOU Loyal Subjects of this Isle,
Be pleased to attend a while,
To this Relation which I bring;
You never heard so strange a thing,
In any former Ages past:
Queen *Mary* Dy'd *December* last,
And a *Robin Red-Breast*, to this day,
Continues Singing where she lay.

Not in the Mourning Chamber, no,
Where Death did strike the fatal Blow;
But in *Westminster*-Abby where
They did a Pyramid prepare,
Against her solid Funeral;
This they did her *Mausoleum* call,
Where in the Abby it was plac'd
With rich and sumptuous Beauty grac'd.

The very Art of Man was try'd,
To make it richly Beautify'd,
Angels and Cherubims of Gold,
A sight most glorious to behold.

This Monument doth Taper rise,
A Pinacle at top likewise;
There is, and eke a Wonder too,
Which I declare is strang and true.

This is a Wonder strang, I say,
Ere since that great and solemn Day,
Of the Interment of our Queen,
There is a *Robin Red-Brest* seen,
Upon the very Top of all:
He sings a Note soft, sweet, and small,
Which is most pleasant for to hear,
When they the Royal Place draw near.

Sometimes it flies a little way,
Yet from the Place it will not stay,
But soon returns with speed again,
Where it doth Night and Day remain.
Upon the Pinacle it sits
Spreading its little Wings by fits,
And in the very midst of Prayer,
This *Robin* he sits singing there,

And is not miss'd; yet we conclude,
He must fly forth sometimes for Food;
Which done, his flight he back doth take,
And never doth the Place forsake,

The News was carried far and near,
That *Robin Red breast* does appear
Upon the Queens *Mausoleum* still,
Which doth all Men with Wonder fill.

Renowned Lords and Ladies gay,
And common People day by day,
Upon their hearing this Report,
They to the Abby all resort,

Where *Robin Red-breast* they behold,
Upon the Pinacle of Gold;
And it's the Thoughts of Rich and Poor,
The like was never known before.

A wise *Astrologer* declares,
It is a sign that our Affairs
Will be successful e'vry Spring,
Which makes the *Robin Red-breast* sing.
He learns from these sweet Songs of Joy,
That Potent *France* shall here destroy
The Church, tho' good Queen Mary Dy'd
For *God* above will be our Guide.

London, Printed for *James Read* near *Temple-Barr*, 1695.